COLUMBIA BIBLE COLLEGE LIBRARY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

The Challenge of God

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

The field *is* the world. And never has the world been more of a mission field than today. With central Europe largely de-Christianized, with Asia in a ferment, with the Iron Curtain yet to be penetrated with the Gospel, with our own nation in the grip of secularism, the need for Christ has never been greater.

—Dr. Frank E. Gaebelein,
Christian Education in a Democracy
(used by permission of the
Oxford University Press).

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.,
15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

OFFICERS

Rev. George H. Dowkontt, M.D. ..... President
Rev. Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt.D. ..... Vice-President
Rev. George A. Simons, D.D. ..... Assistant Treasurer
Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years; 10c per copy

VOL. XXXII SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
No. 5 1951

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-Monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXXII
No. 5

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
1951

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

The Challenge of God

In connection with the dedication of a memorial gift, it was the Editor's privilege recently to testify before the officers of her local Church as to the great blessings, both material and spiritual, to be derived from the practice of tithing. Of course we all realize that tithing, like other "good works," is not required of the Christian for his soul's salvation, since redemption comes only through the sacrifice of Christ and our appropriation of it by faith. However, when the life has been yielded to Christ in complete surrender, when the time and the talents are all His, it seems but a small thing to take the final step, and give Him one-tenth of our substance.

The practice of tithing evidently goes back to very remote antiquity. With a strange stirring of the spirit one reads in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis how Abram (not yet re-christened with his longer name, Abraham), returning from the slaughter of the kings in the valley, was met by Melchizedek, king of Salem, who brought forth bread and wine (foreshadowing the Christian communion service), and how Abram gave him tithes of all the spoils he had taken. A discussion and interpretation of this incident will be found in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where the importance of Melchizedek's priesthood is emphasized.

But the classic passage on tithing, of course, is found in Malachi 3.7-10, which is significant enough to be given here in full. The argument: the people have robbed God. "Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. But ye said, Wherein shall we return? Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

In grateful appreciation the Editor records the fact that she has proved the truth of this promise. Did more of our friends follow Malachi's admonition, the financial problems of our churches and missionary societies would largely disappear, and what is much more important, God would richly bless the soul of the giver. Who will step out now with us to accept the challenge of God?

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

"The Valmaweth"

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me" (Psalm 23.4).

North of Peipus Lake, near the Gulf of Finland, cradled among extensive forests and surrounded with several barbed-wire fences, we see a field-hospital for German prisoners of war. With its many long, low gray huts, it gives a dismal impression even from afar, and when one draws near, the impression is even worse. At each corner there is a watch-tower overlooking the compound. Sitting behind machine-guns, Russian soldiers are on a constant lookout. Even now, five years after the war, this camp, like so many others, still holds many German prisoners, pining away in hopeless uncertainty.

This particular camp holds three thousand Germans, officers and soldiers of the ranks; most of them are in very bad physical condition. They were brought here gradually from various labor-camps in the neighborhood. Many of those who enter by that heavily guarded gate, do not come out again except as corpses. On an average, fifteen to tewnty of them die in a day. After being stripped of everything, the corpses are collected in one of the huts, and a horse-cart takes them away early in the morning.

In a small room of such a hut we see some thirty officers and soldiers. There is not much space: reclining on wooden boards all along the walls on both sides, with their feet toward the centre of the hut, the sick men have hardly room enough to lie comfortably on their backs, for the space allotted to each is exactly twenty-one inches!

Among the sufferers there is a certain Major Traugott (the meaning of the name is "Trust God"), lying in a corner. This is the third time he has been brought in, and each time as one who would not leave the hospital alive. The last time, he was regarded as a candidate for death, and was put into the "skeleton store," as it was nicknamed. It was a rare occurrence that anyone would come out of that place alive.

This time the diagnosis was "dystrophy, third degree." The word "dystrophy" was used by the Russian doctors to indicate a state due to extreme fatigue and prolonged starvation. The third degree was considered the worst aspect of the disease, and was frequently accompanied by horrible symptoms. Generally the sufferers would be choked in their own water, which by degrees filled up all their inner organs. It was an awful sight.

Major Traugott had been lying thus for a couple of months on those hard boards. With festering bed-sores, especially on his hip-bones, with virulent ulcers on his body, and his skeleton-like form swollen from his edematous condition, there he lay, among comrades suffering with similar complaints. Most of the time he lay there listlessly, and took no notice of all the disagreements and quarrels that went on around him, the sort of bickerings which arise so easily in this state of nervous breakdown, hunger, sickness and emptiness of soul. Major Traugott, on the contrary, was in a state of happy contentment. Nothing he encountered could disturb the peace and light in which he dwelt. A few days ago he had written with a piece of pencil on the board near him: "Vivus mori didici—moriens vitam repperi" (Living, I have learned how to die; dying, I have found life). And below it he wrote in German: "He who, living, is ready to die, will not fear bonds and wounds; into his darkest hours a Light out of eternity shines. My Light is my Saviour, He also is my Life, He to whom once in faith I yielded, and by faith in whom the Kingdom of Heaven is mine. My death is but a slumbering life."

Major Traugott was indeed one of those truly blessed ones who, though dead, had his life hidden with Christ in God (Colossians 3.3). And because of this hidden life he was intensely aware that nothing could separate him from the love of God, neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword (Romans 8.35). In his innermost being he had long ago crossed that border which separates Eternity from the things of time and space. In his heart he was already carrying Eternity enshrined.

One night he was suddenly stricken with a very high fever. His whole body shook, and a cold perspiration covered his pale forehead. Fanciful visions, chasing one another, troubled him. His soul seemed to be suddenly attacked by an invisible foe, with whom he had to fight. His hands tried to grasp something, to cast it far away from him. He grew very much excited. Breathing heavily, he opened his parched lips, and then he shouted several times, so that all in the room could hear it: "Ghe zalmaweth—ghe zalmaweth!" Then he suddenly grew quiet, and his body gradually relaxed. He seemed greatly relieved, and sighed: "I thank Thee, Father; I live and I shall live."

As soon as he had spoken these words he opened his eyes, and looked into another pair of eyes quite close to his. There, to his right, lay his friend Wilhelm Oldenkamp, in civilian life a professor of medicine. This medical man had been observing the crisis through which the Major had passed; he had put his left arm under his friend's head, had taken his pulse, and listened to his heartbeats. And now their eyes met. While still attending his friend, and wiping away the perspiration from his forehead, he asked sympathetically: "What kind of enemy was it that you were fighting against, this 'Zalmaweth'?" The Major could not reply at once: he was trying to remember. "'Zalmaweth,' did you say?" He could not recollect. "Yes, you cried out several times: "Go! (in German, *Geh*) Zalmaweth. Did he not want to leave you?"

The Major made an effort to collect his thoughts. Then, with a gesture as if brushing a veil from his eyes, he said: "Oh, yes, I know. 'Ghe zalmaweth'—I heard myself saying this. That was in Hebrew. What does it say in Psalm 23, I think in verse 4? 'Gam ki elekh beghe zalmaweth, lo ira ra,' or translated: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' Oh, I felt those shades of death in that dark valley, in my dream. They rose against me and threatened to choke me. And I fought against them, I resisted. No, *I* did not resist! It was a Higher Power that stood up on my side, it was He, the hope of my glory. And suddenly all was light around me—so light." Having said this, he turned and looked for something under his pillow. "I want to write down this word from the Psalm in my book," he said. "But not just now," the medical professor replied. "You can do that tomorrow just as easily. If you like, I will remind you of it. But what I wanted to say to you was this: You surely have a wonderful heart. I am astonished. How does it ever manage to overcome all the strain upon it, from the things you have gone through since you have been a prisoner. It is a puzzle to me, I must say."

"Oh, but the marvel is not in the state of my physical heart at all," the Major replied. "There is another power at work, keeping it strengthened, and giving it time and again the victory—even when it seems to be at the breaking-point. Can you understand that, Oldenkamp?"

"Yes, I think I can; I believe it, because I have seen it," replied the professor thoughtfully.

The next morning Major Traugott, really feeling a great deal better, got out his notebook and wrote in it that word from the 23rd Psalm, on the inside

cover. This notebook was, in fact, full of writing, half in Hebrew, half in Latin, with mottoes and gleanings from his reading, gathered over a long period.

And now, suddenly, something occurred, something strange, which later on proved to be a turning-point in his life. While he was still holding his notebook and speaking with his friend the professor, next to him, the door opened and the Russian head-physician came in with his attendants on his morning round. He was a Jew, smallish but broad-built, about fifty years of age. As soon as the Major saw him, he tried to hide his notebook under his pillow, because, in general, the Russians did not like to see books or anything of the kind in the hands of their prisoners. However, the chief physician had already taken in the situation at a glance. He quickly stepped up to the Major, and with an imperative gesture demanded: "Let me see that book which you are trying to hide!"

The Major handed him the book, and the Russian put on his glasses and turned back the cover. But as soon as he had glanced at the contents, he gave a sudden start, and looked greatly surprised.

"Did you write this yourself?" he asked, coming another step nearer. The Major nodded. "How is it that you, a German Nazi officer, know Hebrew?" The chief physician shook his head and stared at the Major. Then he wanted to know the reason why he had learned Hebrew. The Major replied that it was one of his occupations to learn ancient and modern tongues, but apart from this, he was particularly interested in the people to whom we owed the Old Testament, and whose mother-tongue was Hebrew.

The Russian again looked into the book, and began to read. It did not seem to come to him very readily: he was spelling the words to himself. And as if to excuse himself, he remarked: "Well, it's a long time since I studied Hebrew. I was still young then, and later on I dropped it. Still, there is a good deal I am able to make out." Then he looked again at the words from Psalm 23, and translated them to himself in Yiddish. In fact, he spoke rather Yiddish than German. He again looked thoughtfully at the German Major, then continued to turn over the pages of the notebook, reading here and there, quite obviously with increasing pleasure. Finally he closed it, and handed it back to the patient with a friendly nod of the head. Then he began to examine the patients all round.

Towards evening of the same day, the same chief physician appeared again in the hut, and had two more doctors with him, who also were Jews. "That's where he is," he said to them as soon as he had opened the door, pointing to the place where Major Traugott was. The three Russians came and stood beside his resting-place. "Please, do show these gentlemen your book, your lovely book." The Major got it out from underneath his pillow, and it was a sight to see these three men put their heads together, to read and enjoy its contents. Then the book was handed back to the Major, and the three doctors left the room, after giving him a smiling farewell.

Three days later the chief physician called for the Major to come to his service-room at the end of the same long hut. Although still very weak on his legs, and shaking, the Major went along. The physician was alone, and immediately asked the Major to be seated. "Well, how are you?" he asked.

"Thank you, doctor, I am really well," the Major replied.

" 'Thanks, well—thanks, well'! That's what you say every time you are asked. You never seem to think of your illness. Yet I know you are very ill, I know. You get too little to eat, and everybody else does too, but what can I, poor fellow that I am, do about it? You understand: I cannot change things. I have nothing to do with the commissariat-department or the decisions. How is it, are you very hungry?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders. "Nowadays I do not suffer from hunger as I used to in the beginning. I don't have such a craving for food any more. The others speak about it so often, and only make matters worse for themselves."

The doctor frowned, looked troubled, and sighed. For a little while he gazed out of the window. "I know something about that, I do," he murmured. "But," turning to the Major, "I will do something for you—the Nazi-Hebrew in the valley of the shadow of death—'ghe zalmaweth.' You must get something more to eat, and medicine also. Oh, it is all so difficult, you know. . . . Well, go and lie down again. I'll see what can be done." And tapping the Major on the shoulder in a fatherly way, he dismissed him.

The same day the Major was transferred from his place into a little separate room, where only a couple of workmen who were doing jobs here and there in the camp spent the night. And henceforth he received larger rations, much larger, and sometimes even something special, as well as medicine. And it was a Jewish nurse, well on in years, who henceforth looked after him in a special way. She was the only one whose whole personality betokened goodness and friendliness, and one never heard an unpleasant word from her. "Sister Rachel," said Major Traugott to her one evening, as she was dressing his suppurating wounds, "your memory will remain with me, and I will bless you, as long as I live; and before the throne of God I will point you out and say: 'Father, this is the one who never swore at the prisoners, but always had a warm heart and a tender hand for them.' " On hearing this, she just covered her face with her hands and ran out of the room.

The chief physician visited his "Nazi-Hebrew"—that was the name by which he called him wittily—almost every day, and inquired kindly after his health. No wonder Major Traugott felt better from day to day. His sores began to heal, but the water in his limbs did not recede so quickly. However, when Spring came, he was able to take little walks around the courtyard, or sit, sunning himself, on a bench.

It was about this time that the chief physician had to leave on a visit to Leningrad for five days. His substitute during that time was an elderly staff-physician from the Navy, who in every respect was his very opposite. Hitting and kicking were the kinds of medicine he delighted in using on the German prisoners. Woe to the patient who, on being called up, did not hurry quickly enough off his board and stand at attention before this man. But he hardly visited Major Traugott, and when he did, he just looked at him hastily and unpleasantly, and went out at once.

The chief physician had hardly been away two days, when the news came that 160 new patients were expected shortly, and therefore the same number of old patients would have to leave as "cured." This presented no difficulty to the management. Among those in the huts, the men who were able to stand somehow on their legs were set apart, and these were sent off to any labor-camp. The doctor in charge, with a clerk, just went round the huts and decided who was to get out.

Five days after the chief physician's departure, 160 men and officers were standing, ready to leave, in the broad court in front of the gate, and Major Traugott was among them. The lot had fallen to him, but at first not to his friend, Professor Oldenkamp. However, when the latter knew that his friend the Major was among those who were being sent away, he went to the camp-manager on the last day, and asked that he himself also might go with the 160 men. They were rather surprised at this request, but they agreed. And so Professor Oldenkamp was standing there at the side of his old friend the Major, and another man was allowed to remain behind.

But, as usual, it was a long time before the huge gate was opened and the prisoners were let out. The examination of baggage and of persons had yet to be gone through, which was rightly feared by all. Waiting for this, the prisoners were either standing or sitting on the ground, looking listlessly into space. In their dirty, torn uniforms, which had been thrown to them after being taken off dead comrades, they looked rather like exhumed bodies themselves. Major Traugott's clogs were far too large for him. He was trying to tie his trousers around his waist with a piece of old string which he had found on the refuse-heap near the field-kitchen. These trousers were far too short and bespattered with old blood-stains.

The list of names having been read through for the fifth time and at last found to tally, the examination of the miserable belongings and clothing of the prisoners began. The Red Army men proceeded with the job to the accompaniment of abusive language and curses,—the usual way. While this was going on, the substitute for the head physician stood by and lazily smoked one of his long cigarettes.

Suddenly a Russian officer, carrying a small suitcase, passed through the control-passage of the sentry-house near the gate. As soon as he saw the crowd of prisoners in the courtyard, he understood the situation. He was none else but the head physician, just back from Leningrad. He walked straight up to Major Traugott and pulled him by the arm out of the ranks, and, looking angrily at him, said: "What ever are *you* doing here? You are still seriously ill. Get back to your room, and that quickly!" Major Traugott just smiled drily and tried to make the doctor understand with a look that he was not here of his own accord, but that the doctor's substitute was responsible for that. The doctor understood, and turning round, faced his colleague. The Major saw that he was speaking to him angrily. The result was that the Major was presently allowed to take up his little bundle and to return to his room. But another man had to take his place.

Hardly had he got to his little room when the head physician came in, threw his cap across the table and himself on a chair, and said: "Well, I almost got here too late! What do *you* think, you Nazi-Hebrew? Those prisoners, about to be transferred elsewhere—do you know where they are going? No? You don't know, of course! They are going to the 'Ghe zalmaweth'—the valley of the shadow of death—to the virgin forest and the swamps. That would be your death! But no! You are going to stay *here*. You are going to be here until *I* send you off. You will leave this place when *I* allow you to, and you will be going to the place where *I* want you to go." Then he remarked: "Well, your face does not show any joy, but rather the contrary."

"Ah, doctor, the fact is . . . I am thinking of my old friend Oldenkamp, who joined those departing prisoners of his own free will, just to be with me, and now . . ."

The doctor jumped up and went to the window overlooking the courtyard. "Where is he?" he asked. The Major came up and pointed out his friend: "There, the tallest one, with the ridiculous little fur cap on."

The doctor ran out hastily, picking up his cap, and the Major soon saw through the window that he was taking the professor aside and trying to persuade him to do something. But Oldenkamp was shaking his head, and finally waved his hand, as if in refusal. Presently he joined the ranks of the prisoners again. In a moment the head physician was back in the Major's room, crimson with anger. He banged the door behind him, and vociferated: "What a downright fool your friend is! . . . your brother Jonathan. . . . I gave him good advice. I said: 'When you walk out with the others, just drop

down suddenly and have a terrible stomach-ache. I will see to the rest.' And what do you think he replied? 'That goes against my sense of honor and my conscience,' that's what he said! Imagine such a fool! All the same, he is a fine fellow, a perfect gentleman. The two of you are a pair! But, by the way, comrade Nazi-Hebrew: that Oldenkamp . . . is he not a famous surgeon? Well, I know what I can do for him. I will see to it that his treatment is improved. Take my word for it." And having said this, he left the room. And he *did* keep his word, as the Major found out later on. The professor found employment as leading physician of a field-hospital situated in an Estonian town. . . .

Two months had passed since these events, and a brilliant summer day was dawning over the camp. It was still very early, about 5 A.M. Major Traugott had just gone to sleep, for during the night he could hardly ever sleep, because of the bugs. All at once he felt a hand pulling at his shoulder gently to wake him up. The major awoke and turned over. By his bed the head physician was standing. Rather taken aback at such an early call, the Major tried to sit up, but the doctor sat down familiarly on the edge of the bed and waited until the Major had regained his composure. Then he bent down over him, and his eyes sparkled joyfully, as if he had a piece of real good news to tell him. And that was the case indeed.

"Excuse me for disturbing your sleep at such an hour," he said, "But here is some really good news for you." And then he spoke in broad Yiddish: "This very night will be the end of the valley of the shadow of death for you. You are going home. . . . Home, do you understand? You are going home to your wife and children. As I am starting on a journey immediately, I had to come so early, because I wanted you to hear the good news from me. Well, are you not mad with joy, you old Nazi-Hebrew? Still, I understand: I will have to pinch you a bit, so that you know it isn't a dream, but reality. But now goodbye, I must be gone. Well, fare thee well, and . . . Shalom alekhem . . . peace be with thee!"

Tears welled up into the Major's eyes. He grasped the hand held out to him, and replied, also in Hebrew: "Todah rabbah! Shalom uwerakha gam lekha!" (Many thanks! Peace and blessing be with thee also!)

After a very roundabout journey that took three weeks, Major Traugott reached home again, and was reunited with his family, from whom he had been separated over two long years, without hearing any news from them.

G. A. KUNZELMANN.

(This story, so moving that we have printed it in its entirety, was sent to us by Brother Stettler.)

UNSELFISH GIVING.—Dear Friends: I have been reading THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD with interest as usual, but when I came to the article on "Feeding Europe on Seventy-Seven Cents," I could not resist the appeal in it, and had to do something about it. I had some money I had been planning to use for a personal need, but I decided the people over in Europe had first claim on it, so I am enclosing part of it for your CARE fund. May the Lord bless each of you as you labor for Him.—H. F. Y.

My dear Dr. Smith: I have been sending my small gifts every January, but when I read the last few paragraphs on page 4 of the July-August issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, I felt after praying over it that I should send a little. This comes from my nine-tenths. As I was seventy-five last month, I may not be here by next January.—H. M. K.

A More Abiding City

Ludwigsburg, Germany, August and September, 1951.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come" (Hebrews 13.14). Permit me, please, to have a heart-to-heart talk with you, before coming to the "encouraging" news. And kindly bear with us if it seems that we repeat a bit, for we are surrounded with people striving for a more abiding city, after wandering for years, kicked around from place to place. Therefore we try to point them to the only abiding city, whose builder is God. In view of the apathy to the things of God, on the part of many who have been disillusioned by their religion, this would seem almost a hopeless task. Those who live in a measure of peace and prosperity can hardly imagine the state of the people with whom we deal. To them God is synonymous with religion, therefore they are truly without God and without hope in the world. Is the work among them worth while? They are passing by in an endless stream, many not to be seen again by us on earth.

Once in a while we are asked if we are "encouraged"! And if we were not, in the sense in which it is usually meant, are we not in the King's business, and the results, are they not His? Certainly His approval, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," is worth all the effort possible. I am sure He will gather the fruit, for it is His, and some day we shall rejoice with Him. But sometimes the question about "encouragements" is heavier to us than all our difficulties. Praise the Lord for keeping us humble, so that when we see "encouragements" we gladly give Him all the honor. It is the work of His Holy Spirit, and we are but instruments in His hands. How truly does the Apostle Paul say that we are not to be exalted! Surely the exaltation belongs to the Lord.

You can have a great part in all this, and that is the reason for this writing, to ask your faithful, fervent intercession for the work here. Take the instance of the young fellow who stopped to look on, while I was changing the date of an announcement of the meeting. Having used up all my tracts before he came along, I invited him to step with me around the corner to the car, where I would give him a tract. There is always the necessity of being instant in season, and since he was ready to listen, this contact led to three-quarters of an hour of witnessing right there on the street. We finally parted with prayer, after he had confessed to believe and receive the Lord Jesus in his heart. That there was some real change I saw from his actually having redistributed the tracts I gave him. We may not see him again, as he was about to leave for abroad, but prayers can follow him.

We certainly cannot complain about monotony, yet it was a little change when some well-recommended visitors stopped with us. They are making an evangelistic tour through Germany, and had that evening free. The pastor with whom they expected to be, not expecting visitors, and being out of town himself, had not announced a meeting for that evening. Of course, missionaries are expected to be on the job all the time, so they took part in one of the meetings at a camp. Though we have been almost a year and a half in the work at the camps, we still feel that there are things to learn. But the visitors, who have seen one or two camps last year, think they know all about it. And coming to a prearranged meeting, they could not know what it takes to get people together just for the Word. Where there is a chance for some gifts, people will crowd in, or for other material advantage. But for the greatest gift of God, for that "there is time enough, for we do not want to die yet"—that is the general excuse.

However, those present as well as ourselves enjoyed what the visitors brought, beginning with songs and the message. But can you imagine their surprise when, on the invitation being given, everybody except a few small children arose? Of course, I was translating everything verbally, yet a hundred per cent result was a bit strange. Therefore the invitation was modified to include only those who had not previously accepted the Saviour. But even at that, the response was surprising, and all but a few remained for additional explanation after the close of the meeting. What a fine report the visitors will have, and I would not wonder if most of the reports from the chance visitors are on the same basis.

How do we account for these varying impressions of the work? Well, there is a certain "glamour" about having "visitors from America," and besides, they come to a prearranged meeting, and do not know what work has preceded it. Furthermore, they do not realize that among Roman Catholics it is very proper to accede to any religious proposition that is made. Are they not all believers in Christ? Of course they accept Him and all that, without even the first realization of what Scriptural faith is. But is it not being explained to them? Why, surely, but there is the lack of the Holy Spirit's conviction, and therefore also of any confirmation of belief. In the case before us, there were really only two newcomers, and before the meeting they expressed to me their desire to have two holy pictures blessed, since they wanted to take them along when leaving for the United States in two days. Yes, they also were among those who stood up, as accepting salvation, and stayed for the additional explanation which followed,—did they know what it was about?

Of course we would not lose the opportunity to help such people, and as they had only the next evening free, we made it a point to visit them, and had a two hours' talk with them. We found them playing cards by candlelight, as the electricity had been off for several days. Nobody thinks of any harm in playing cards: the priests do it also, as well as indulging in other questionable practices. These two were at least ready to stop as soon as we came in, and gave good attention to our presentation of the Gospel. I could not begin to give you the two hours' conversation, trying to impress upon them what the Gospel way, "I believe," really means. Also the Second Commandment was read and stressed, in relation to their "holy pictures." I hoped to observe the next day, at parting, what the results had been, but did not see the pictures—it seemed they had been intentionally hidden.

Is there an explanation of this? Yes, a very easy one. In every camp there is a priest in charge, or at least, one who visits frequently. While we are talking to anyone, there are always listeners, who, even if they do not understand what is said, will report to the priest who was there, visiting such and such a one. Many times we have seen how very promising cases are suddenly extinguished by a frown of the priest. Is he not next to God? These people might have gone to the early "mass" next morning, to have their pictures blessed, and told of their experience—that would be enough. Why do I tell you all this in detail? To emphasize the Holy Spirit's conviction, and your share in the work, by intercession: may it bring you to your knees.

Now compare two other families that also were there and stood up. The one family simply could not grasp it at all, though we had dealt with them for some time already. They are just not ready for any decision, though they may get up again any number of times. For that reason, we do not stress decision until there seems to be a real grasp of the message, or some sign of conviction. Visiting the other family, we were first amused at the lady's

BROTHER LUKESH WITH DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL CHILDREN

enthusiasm about the whiteness of the shirts of the visitors, and the beautiful ties. Would it be too much to ask for the use of plain ties? The gentleman, however, though we had not had so much time with him previously as with the wife, surprised us by saying that, in spite of being a regular attendant at church, he had never heard the meaning of the Gospel presented as it was by us; that only now did he begin to understand what it meant, since the priest had never bothered to make the meaning plain. He did not refer to the visitors, except to agree that he liked the singing.

We trust these instances will give you a bit of light on the fact that acceptance of the invitation is not a decision. This could be proved from the case of others who also stood up and professed to accept Christ and follow Him. To say the least, the fruit must show the new life. That there may also be a ridiculous side to it, you may judge from the fact that some mothers threaten their children with prohibition to go to the "church"—meaning the Gospel meeting—if they do not mind! And it works! But for themselves they do not see the need to "mind" the Word of God. Thus may we plead, that you pray while it is time.

Having made, at various times, some remarks about the conditions in the camps, we have been urged for more details as to how the refugees live. That is too big an order, without writing volumes about it. The approximately ten million refugees in Western Germany may be classified under three headings.

(1) The German nationals, driven out from various Eastern countries, as well as those fleeing Eastern Germany. Thousands are continually turned back at the eastern border, as it is likely that all would immigrate, if given a chance. Naturally, for the German nationals the best provisions are made. But even they, at least in the beginning, live in crowded quarters. For instance, in the old military barracks at Passau, twelve families were crowded into a basement room. The wardrobes, etc., made the dividing walls. Of course, there was barely standing-room left. Four stoves served all in turn for their cooking. Later, more room was allowed, so that there were only four families, each having a window to their "division." As soon as work or other facility was found for a family, they moved on to farms or city rooms, which were requisitioned for them. Everything is crowded, and the house-owners have to pay a heavy tax for the refugees, besides all else. Some relief

is being secured by building wooden barracks, and even remodeling old barracks, where larger families have even two or three rooms, and are better off than the old-time inhabitants, from whom every "spare" room was taken. Also some of the German refugees have better positions than the original inhabitants, which creates hard feelings.

(2) A motley crowd of all nationalities could be named, who have some prospects of emigrating abroad. For these a splendid provision was made in the IRO—International Relief Organization. From the ideal side, this organization would be wonderful—if it were handled by ideal people. But it is the old game—where there is money, misuse will occur, only here it is perhaps more flagrant than elsewhere.

The IRO still provides for about 300,000 people, giving them lodging, food, and even some clothing. Medical care is also given, to permit emigration. Sorry to say, some people have already been waiting for four years—why? Since a great variety of documents have to be obtained, it happens that some are lost, before the petitioner is through. But he may not find it out for months, and by that time the other papers are outdated, so that he has to begin anew. And it is not the people who lose these documents: they are lost in the offices, being handed from one to the other. This is probably done on purpose, as some doubtful characters seem to emigrate easily enough, while others have to wait indefinitely.

The living-quarters of these people are also crowded, since they are supposed to be in them for only a short time. We saw a room where at least twenty families were crowded in, with merely a blanket-division, or even without any attempt at dividing at all. Some of these people from the Eastern countries have no manners whatever, to the horror of the others. It is a pity children have to grow up in such a hodge-podge of influences. Since these people are moved from place to place, no schooling is possible, with rare exceptions. But movies are provided, and drink can be had everywhere, with the evident results. Some know how to get money for it, even if it be by stealing.

At most camps a washroom is available, where some laundering also is done. In most camps a weekly shower-bath is provided, where at least the first comers can have a warm bath. To many it is a needless curiosity. There one can see what the people were used to "at home"! Some do not hesitate to make an open fire on the cement floor, disregarding consqeuences or where the smoke goes. Just make a hole in the wall or demolish a window. What cleanliness is, in either body or clothing, is a mystery to some of them.

They get regular meals, so why should they worry? Some complain of what is handed out, wanting it prepared in their own way. Being often moved about, they find it difficult to obtain work, but why should they bother? Many even refuse to do the bit of cleaning-up assigned to them. The men and women and children get to be trained loafers, rather poor material for future citizens. There is time to gossip, quarrel and fight. The only interest seems to be when parcels are handed out. This is usually done under religious or political supervision, thus creating partisan spirit, whereas the very idea of the IRO was to avoid this. It is a pity that the processing for emigration is such a long-drawn-out affair, giving rise to claims that it is purposely extended, to make the "pork-barrel" for those in charge last longer.

(3) The third class comprises those who, for some reason, cannot emigrate. We have noticed the Mongol race of Kalmyks, who evidently will never be good for much of anything, but a burden to those who have to keep them. Then there are such as have been rejected for various reasons of health,

infirmity or old age. Many say: If we have to work hard here, why could we not do it elsewhere? Those willing to take hold of hard work usually find it, and are advanced to more favorable living quarters, even approaching those of the National Germans. Of course, they are to pay a minimum of rent, but even then there are some hard conditions. I saw a camp for construction workers, mostly single men, who are supposed to pay about eight dollars a month for a bare bed.

The lazy ones, often with families, are gradually culled out and sent to distant camps, where they get food also, so that the children have at least something to eat. When the unemployment dole is paid, a family with many children may draw a nice sum of money per month, but that is quickly wasted, and for the balance of the month there is not even bread. Such are the loudest to complain about injustice, etc., but there is no way to make them work.

It is easily understood that in such circumstances all kinds of vices flourish. Drinking, card-playing and the accompanying results are a pastime. Naturally such people are the shame of the whole emigrant problem, and as we hear, it is the influence of the Western powers which prevents the taking of such measures as would compel them to work. We know hard-working people who make an honest living, though they will never be rich, of course, but they do not have to steal or do other mischief.When there is a remainder of work, the lazy ones quickly shout against "Bolshevism," but that seems to be the only help to get them to do anything.

Sad to say, even young fellows fall into that loose living. They do not stay in the assigned camps, but roam wherever they find diversion. This is usually where food is to be obtained, as in the IRO establishments, where, I was told, they threaten the cooks with violence, or vengeance when war comes, and thus force them to give them food. That seems to be the notion of such creatures: they are just waiting till "it starts again"! There is also a class of traders, mostly Jews, who comb the country districts to force upon the people suiting materials that are mostly damaged or shoddy, for what seems to be a low price, but they make large profits on it. All a racket.

Of course there are some people who make an honest endeavor to work. And it is not the easiest type of work that is available. We know people who rise at four, take a half-hour's walk to the railway station, and ride an hour and a half to reach their working-place. In the evening it is, of course, the same, so they do not get much rest, or time with the family. Others make up for the effort by their loafing. We know also people who pay very exorbitant rents, even twenty-five dollars for a single room, just to be in a position where work is obtainable. Of course, they have not much left for their food, but they would sooner do this than be on the dole. They also have an interest in getting their children to school, while the others don't care if they ever learn anything.

Among the women it is similar. Some would only gossip, and worse. However, there are those who work, even without expecting compensation. Some would harp about clothing received, as unsuitable, while others go to work to fit it for themselves and others. Some fuss and fume about the unpalatable food, but will not lift a hand even to peel potatoes. In some camps there is no kitchen, and the inmates receive the raw products and prepare them to suit themselves. Some waste the best of it in a few days, and complain afterwards about scarcity and hunger. Others manage well and have sufficiency. What might be a fine training-time, in the camps, proves for many a hotbed of vices, because of laziness. When they see the priests' riotous living, that is an incentive for them to get hold of some "racket" also, to have an easy life.

And the children? Few endeavor to hold them to any form of order and decency. The general rule is to turn them loose to learn all manner of evil. That is one of the reasons we try to hold Bible courses for the children, in the various camps, to give them at least some inspiration, and a break from the desultory life of every day. It is so palpable how the ignorance of the parents is multiplied in the children, because there is no responsibility, and evil needs not to be planted and cultivated. Or rather, Satan has many helpers who sow the wild seeds—one of the signs of the times. There are "American" colored sheets of cowboys and Wild West and all that nonsense, and though the children do not understand the words, it is amazing what a grip it takes on them. Just recently I saw a little fellow whose vocabulary was terrible: shoot and stab and knock out—that they learn, and the "free movies" help in that line.

Volumes could be written about the various aspects of the situation. I will mention just one more, and that is the lack of appreciation of what is being done. Of course, there are also laudable exceptions, which only confirm the general thanklessness, as if all was "due" and much more. But to see one's own responsibility and be willing to lay hand to work, to improve one's own situation, that is rare. But what can we expect in these times of the end of Grace? Praise the Lord for a soul here and there, that is willing to receive the gracious offer of the Lord, before it be too late. These we are seeking, and appreciate your prayers on behalf of ourselves and of those who might be saved. One of the drawbacks is that the official teaching of the schools is in German, which the children do not understand, and it is difficult to get enough of various nationalities together to have a school in their own tongue.

Thank you for faithfully upholding us at the Throne of Grace, that our work may be blessed. May He grant you the joyous consciousness of being His co-workers.

Yours in Him,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Spring in Autumn

Bowen, Argentina, September 15, 1951.

Dear Sister in the Lord, Ekaterina Normanovna:-

Your letter of the 2nd, with check enclosed, was received several days ago. We thank you heartily!

By the grace of God, we are still alive and flourishing. We passed the winter here in Mendoza much more pleasantly than we did in the metropolis. The Lord has also blessed our humble efforts here. Now our springtime is approaching, and then after it will come the oppressive South American summer. With the coming of spring and summer, there is a great increase in activity here, in the various centers of Argentina and the other republics. I have already received invitations from various places, urging me to visit them.

God willing, I expect to go next week to the metropolis, where I shall remain for some time. The churches in Berisso and La Plata have decided to hold special daily meetings for a period of two weeks, from the 23rd of this month to the 7th of October. There is also work to be done in Buenos Aires and its environs. Pray for a blessing, dear sister.

For you we pray always, thanking God for your care for us. May the Lord bless you abundantly both in the work and in your personal life.

Yours in Christ,

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, August and September, 1951

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

35145--$10.00	35175--$10.00	35205---$1.00	35235---$5.00
35146---20.00	35176----3.00	35206---10.00	35236--100.00
35147----1.00	35177--150.00	35207----2.00	35237---10.00
35148----5.00	35178----2.00	35208----1.00	35238----5.00
35149----2.00	35179----2.00	35209----1.00	35239---25.00
35150----1.00	35180---26.00	35210----3.00	35240----4.00
35151---50.00	35181---35.00	35211---10.00	35241---10.00
35152----1.00	35182---50.00	35212---13.00	35242----6.35
35153---25.00	35183----5.00	35213----1.00	35243----1.00
35154---50.00	35184----5.00	35214---25.00	35244---50.00
35155---15.00	35185---75.00	35215----5.00	35245----2.00
35156----5.00	35186---50.00	35216----2.00	35246---10.00
35157---25.00	35187---15.00	35217---10.00	35247---25.00
35158----5.00	35188---10.00	35218----1.00	35248----1.00
35159----3.00	35189---50.00	35219---50.00	35249----5.00
35160----5.00	35190----2.00	35220---25.00	35250---15.00
35161----4.00	35191----5.00	35221---40.00	35351---75.00
35162---50.00	35192----5.00	35222---75.00	35252----3.00
35163----5.00	35193----1.00	35223---22.00	35353---10.00
35164---10.00	35194---25.00	35224----1.00	35254----5.00
35165---10.00	35195----5.00	35225---35.00	35255---10.00
35166----5.00	35196----8.00	35226----5.00	35256----8.00
35167---10.00	35197---60.00	35227---10.00	35257----1.00
35168---25.00	35198----5.00	35228----5.00	35258---15.00
35169----2.00	35199---10.00	35229---45.00	35259---30.00
35170----2.00	35200---20.00	35230---50.00	35260---10.00
35171----5.00	35201----5.00	35231----5.00	35261----5.00
35172---40.00	35202---10.00	35232---50.00	35262---10.50
35173---20.00	35203---50.00	35233----1.00	35263----1.00
35174---10.00	35204----1.00	35234--100.00	35264----6.00

The Auditor's Annual Report

First National Bank in Yonkers,
October 1, 1951.

American-European Fellowship,
15 Philipse Place,
Yonkers 3, N. Y.

Dear Dr. Smith:-

Please be advised that I have audited the books of the American-European Fellowship for the period from July 1, 1950, to June 30, 1951, and to the best of my knowledge find all the accounts in excellent order.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS R. McCUE,
Assistant Cashier.